

# JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

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## CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

The moment for action had arrived for James Blake. He compressed his lips, strode through the room and a moment later entered John's office. In the final struggle passion was triumphant, and he nerved himself as best he could for the ordeal.

John Burt looked up. The haggard expression on Blake's face alarmed him.

"What's happened, Jim? You're pale as a ghost!"

"It's a tooth," said Blake, rubbing his hand tenderly over his face. "I'm all right now, but it gave me a bad right. The dentist drew it this morning. I dined with General Carden. I—I suppose—"

"Has Jessie returned? Did you see her, Jim?"

"Miss Carden has not returned, but she is expected to sail next Tuesday," said Blake, nervously lighting a cigar. "I had hoped to bring you better news, John, but this is the best I can do. I thought it would be indelicate to ask General Carden for her address, since nothing but a cablegram could reach her before the sailing date."

A shade of disappointment passed over John Burt's face when Blake spoke, but a smile chased it away when he mentioned the time of her departure.

"You did right, Jim," he exclaimed. "Let's see: Tuesday is the thirteenth. I'm glad Jessie isn't superstitious. That should bring her to New York on the twentieth. That's thirteen days from now."

Blake turned ashen when the second thirteen was announced, but John's eyes were fixed on the innocent calendar, his thoughts were four thousand miles across a heaving ocean, and he didn't notice the superstitious agony imprinted on the other's face.

John Burt leaned back in his chair and half closed his eyes.

Heaved, as has been stated, that every man has his price, and was willing to pay it, provided it promised returns.

Ambitious to pose as a Wall Street leader, Arthur Morris had assumed an enormous load of stocks, and the success of his ventures had given him the following which ever attends the leader in a rising market. In addition to this speculative risk, Morris had secured several valuable franchises, and was confidently in expectation of others at the hands of the city officials.

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Arthur Morris took up the work so auspiciously begun by his father—the wrecking of the L. & O. railroad company. In this campaign, General Carden and many others had lost their fortunes. Morris held control of the bonds, and looked forward to the day when the stock would be wiped out and this splendid property fall into his hands. It was an open secret in railway circles that the L. & O. would then be absorbed by one of the two powerful companies which intersected its lines.

John Burt detected a flaw in this conspiracy. He set aside three battalions of a million dollars each, and held them in reserve against the entrenched wealth in the Morris vaults.

Then he again scanned the field of action, and with unerring judgment placed his finger on the weakest point in the Morris defenses. The Cosmopolitan Improvement Company was a rampart on paper. John Burt proposed to enfilade it. The highest

John! Heon are ye, John Burt! I'm plumb tickled ter death ter see ye! Well, well, well!"

His honest eyes glistened as he threw his hat to the floor and grasped John's hands with a grip which have made the average man wince.

"And I'm glad to see you, Sam! It seems like coming back to life to meet you. Sit down and tell me all about yourself and Rocky Woods."

"The last time I saw ye, John," he said, "was under them maple trees in front of the Bishop house. I reckon you ain't forgot that night. You galloped away in the dark on my horse an' I ain't seen ye since. Now you begin at the place like in them stories which run in the Fireside Companion where it says 'to be continued in our next,' and keep right on up to the present time."

John laughed and gave Sam a hurried sketch of his career. He told of his voyage around Cape Horn, his arrival in San Francisco, the search for the mine described by the dying sailor, his meeting with Jim Blake, the discovery of the gold mine, his association with John Hawkins and the incidents which led to the formation of the firm of James Blake & Company. John said nothing to lead Sam to think that Blake was only a representative, but the shrewd Yankee guessed the truth.

"I swan, John, this is tew good tew be true!" he gasped, shaking hands again. "You ain't told me half the truth, an' ye don't have tew. I can guess the rest. You're James Blake & Company. You're the man who's taught these Wall Street chaps a lesson! I'm proud of ye, John! Didn't I allers say somethin' like this would happen? An' you can't have too much good fortune to suit me, John, an' I don't want a thing from ye. I just like tew see ye win, because—well, because ye orter win."

"Thank you, Sam."

"Don't it beat thunder how things turn out?" observed Sam. "I saw Jim when he was down tew Rocky Woods a few months ago, an' when he told me that he was the Jim Blake, you could a' knocked me down with a willow switch. I said tew myself then, that had it been John Burt I wouldn't been surprised. An' now, by thunder, it was John Burt who did it after all. But how about Jim Blake, John? If you're James Blake & Company, who'n the dickens is Jim?"

"I am not James Blake & Company," said John with a smile. "I am the Company. Jim has a substantial interest in the firm, and has done much towards its success."

"I'm mighty glad tew hear it," declared Sam, "but I reckon I can guess who does the thinkin'. Jim's a fine teller, but he allers was reckless an' careless, though mebbe he's outgrown it. Where is he? Send fer him, John, an' we'll all talk it over together, like we did in the old days back in Rocky Woods."

John pressed a button and an attendant responded.

"If Mr. Blake is not busy, say that I should like to see him," he said.

"There's one thing you haven't told me erbout," said Sam, shifting his feet awkwardly. "I don't want tew pry into your private affairs, John, but have you seen her yet—I mean Miss Carden?"

The door opened softly and James Blake entered so silently that neither heard him.

"I have not seen Miss Carden," replied John. "She is not in the city."

"Yes she is," asserted Sam eagerly. "I saw her yesterday ridin' down Fifth avenue."

(To be continued.)

**Dangerous Mexican Weed to Smoke.** Manuel Guerrero and Florencio Pino had the "marihuana" habit, and for the last few weeks had been smoking big cigarettes in which tobacco was mixed with the dangerous weed.

Tuesday afternoon the two men smoked cigarettes composed of tobacco in smaller proportion than marihuana, and after a few minutes ran amuck.

They went out into the street shouting, vociferating and attacking everybody. First they marched hand in hand, declaring that they were the bravest men on earth and would kill anybody who dared to say a word to the contrary, but at last Pino declared that he was still braver than his friend, and a fight followed, the two receiving dangerous wounds.

They were captured and sent to the hospital, where they had to be put into straightjackets. It is feared that the two men, if they recover from their wounds, will lose their minds permanently, as is often the case with marihuana smokers.—Mexican Herald.

### Reading the Bible.

It was the meeting of the Christian Endeavor society. Near the close the leader suggested that each one should tell what part of the Bible he read the most, and give the reason.

The last one to speak was a lad, who said with a little hesitation that he read the first chapter of Genesis more than any others.

A look of surprise and curiosity was manifest in all the listeners, as he went on to give his reason:

"You see, I always resolve every New Year that I will begin and read the Bible through, but I never get very far, and, of course, I always have to make a new beginning."—New York Tribune.

### Franklin's View of Life.

When I reflect, as I frequently do, upon the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say to myself, that, were the offer made me, I would engage to run again, from beginning to end, the same career of life. All I would ask, should be the privilege of an author, to correct in a second edition, certain errors of the first.—Franklin.

## WHAT THE BOY WANTED.

Odd Question Put to Chief Justice Shaw by an Audacious Boy.

Chief Justice Shaw, though very rough in his manner, was exceedingly considerate of the rights of poor and friendless persons. Sometimes persons unacquainted with the ways of the world would desire to make their own arguments or would in some way interrupt the business of the court. The chief justice commonly treated them with great consideration.

One amusing incident happened quite late in his life.

A rather dissipated lawyer who had a case approaching on the docket one day told his office boy to "go over to the supreme court and see what in hell they are doing." The court were hearing a very important case in which Mr. Choate was on one side and Mr. Curtis on the other. The bar and the courtroom were crowded with listeners. As Mr. Curtis was in the midst of his argument the eye of the chief justice caught sight of the young urchin, 10 or 11 years old, with yellow trousers stuffed in his boots and with his cap on one side of his head, gazing intently up at him.

He said: "Stop a moment, Mr. Curtis."

Mr. Curtis stopped and there was a profound silence as the audience saw the audacious little fellow standing entirely unconcerned.

"What do you want, my boy?" said the chief justice.

"Mr. P. told me to come over here and see what in hell you was up to," was the reply.

There was a dive at the unhappy youth by three or four of the deputies in attendance and a roar of laughter from the audience. The boy was ejected. But the gravity of the old chief justice was not disturbed.—Senator Hoar's autobiography.

## BEATS A CONFIDENCE MAN.

Cook on Atlantic Liner Neatly Foils Alleged American Millionaire.

The classical confidence trick has been neatly played on a would-be swindler in Paris by his intended victim. The latter, a cook on a trans-Atlantic liner, had been done himself before and was too old a bird to be caught again. He struck up an acquaintance with an engaging but obviously sham American millionaire in the train to Paris, confiding to him that he had 40,000 francs in his bag and meant to amuse himself on the boulevards. "Well met, indeed," said the millionaire; "I have also made my pile and intend seeing the merry side of life in gay Paris."

They started the evening with an expensive dinner, paid for by the American millionaire. At coffee the latter exclaimed: "Hullo, I have not any cigars; suppose you go and buy some. You can leave your bag here, where it will be quite safe. But, as you might be suspicious here's my pocketbook. Keep it till you join me again."

As soon as the cook's back was turned the American millionaire, of course, bolted with the bag, but the latter only contained old newspapers and the cook's card, with the words: "I have been had before; you have met your match this time." In the would-be swindler's pocketbook was a sum of 224 in French notes, which the cook took to the police station, asking the officer to whom he told his tale with understandable relish to give the money to the poor.

## Men as Projectiles.

A Singapore newspaper published in Colombo, Ceylon, is tired of the paucity of news about the war, and in order to regale its readers it now and then manufactures some, of which the following is a sample—a translation by the Ceylon Times:

"The sultan was communicated with regarding an approaching conflict, and, being a great friend of the Japanese monarch, he sent a specially trained company of swordsmen, each of whom with a sword in his hand is shot away from the mouth of a gun at the enemy just as ordinary shrapnel would be. On arrival among the enemy he makes short work of them by his sword play. These swordsmen are now fighting for Japan and gaining victories."

Small wonder that Kin-chow and Nan-Shan fell!—New York Commercial.

## In Old Virginia.

I love the mountains wreathed in mist, The twilight skies of amethyst, The groves of ancient oaks, sun-kissed, In old Virginia.

I love the gorgeous trumpet flowers, Wild rose and honeysuckle bowers, The woodland incense after showers, In old Virginia.

I love the laughter of the rills; Cloud shadows stretched athwart the hills, The joyous song of him who tills, In old Virginia.

I love the martial ranks of corn, Their blades agleam with lights of morn, The curtains of the night withdrawn, In old Virginia.

I love the modest maidenhood, The deference paid to womanhood, The chivalric and gentlemanhood, In old Virginia.

I love the love of native sod, The simple faith that trusts in God, The heads bowed 'neath the chastening rod, In old Virginia.

—B. B. Valentine, in Asheville Citizen.

## Pen Portrait of Andrew Lang.

In a new volume by a woman artist of London appears this description of Andrew Lang: "He struck me as being rather superciliously despondent; perhaps he feels that he has not done justice to himself; also deep down in him is evidently the belief that mankind is divided into two categories—those who have been to Oxford and those who have not. He is very handsome, indeed striking, with his dark eyes and snowy hair. Mr. Lang looks languidly sorry for nine-tenths of the human race."



Thousands of women suffer from pelvic catarrh and catarrhal nervousness and don't know it. If you feel fagged out, begin at once taking Dr. Hartman's Peruna. It will relieve your catarrhal affliction and all your organs will be restored to health. Buy a bottle to-day, as it will immediately alleviate your case.

## GAVE COLOR TO GEMS.

Jeweler's Trick Not One Easily to Be Detected.

"There are tricks in all trades." In a town in Virginia there dwells a man who sells semi-precious stones, which are much admired because they are unusually brilliant.

A few days ago a customer asked to see some specimens of yellow topaz.

"Ah!" he said, holding one up to the light, "this shows more remarkable coloring than any I have seen. How much do you want for this stone?"

The lapidary held it up to the light and told the price.

"I'll take it," said the customer. "I have never seen a yellow topaz which showed such remarkable colorings of red and blue."

Then the customer observed that the windows which faced the sunlight were set with a border of small panes of blue and red glass, and the light coming through them was reflected in the facets of the stone.

Afterwards he took the gem out into the cold light of the street and found that it was a plain yellow topaz. The blue and red lights were missing. They had been produced by the stained-glass windows.

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## Pun Won Promotion.

Perhaps the earliest instance of ecclesiastical promotion won by a pun is that of a curate named Joseph, who was prompted by Swift to take this text for a sermon preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, before the viceroy, "Butler," the Duke of Ormond: "Yet did not the chief Butler remember Joseph, but forgat him."

## This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

## Only a Lesser Misfortune.

There are numerous societies which pay an allowance to the relatives of people in case of death of the member. There appears to be a good opening for organizations that will pay money to members in cases of a birth. It costs to be born, as well as to die.

It takes less sense to find fault with all than to be fair with all.

It officiates with Thompson's Eye Water

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Cure Nerve Diseases, Nervous Prostration, Brain Fog, Locomotor Ataxia, Rheumatism, Consumption, and General Debility. The original preparation of GOAT LYMPH TREATMENT in tablet form. \$1.00 per bottle, postpaid. Write GOATILIN CO., 60 Dearborn Street, Chicago, for FREE sample.

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It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

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"Two weeks, lacking a day," he mused aloud. "There is a long-standing account I should like to settle before Jessie returns," he said, turning to Blake, who had partly regained his composure.

"What is it?" asked Blake, with a lively show of interest.

"The elder Morris ruined General Carden as deliberately as ever one man did another," declared John Burt, his deep gray eyes flashing a menace as he brought his hand to the desk with a blow which made it rattle. "The proceeds of that villainy have been turned over to his son. Two weeks from to-day Arthur Morris shall have made restitution to the man his father wronged. The certainty of this reconciles me to her longer absence. I shall win this campaign, Jim, and it's my last one. When did Hawkins wire that he would be here?"

"Thursday," answered Blake.

"I shall not wait for Hawkins," said John Burt, abruptly. "He owns a block of this L. & O. stock and I shall assume that I have his co-operation. I shall have control of L. & O. before he reaches New York. How did it close last night?"

"Twenty-eight and a half," replied Blake.

"It opens to-day at a quarter," said John Burt, standing over the ticker. "Take all offerings up to thirty, but do not force matters. You understand, Jim? Watch it closely and keep me advised."

"I understand," said Blake, as he arose to go.

"Wait a minute," called John, as the other stood by the door. "Sam Rounds was in to see you yesterday, was he not?"

"Yes."

"Send for him at once. Tell him it's something important. That's all." Blake entered his own office and flung himself into a chair. He felt as if he had aged years in the hour that had passed.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### Measuring Lances.

When Randolph Morris retired in favor of his son he transferred no small burden of responsibility to the shoulders of the latter. Arthur Morris inherited his father's money and his ambitions, but not his masterly grasp of affairs. Arthur Morris had little sympathy with that fine old conservatism which stops short of direct participation in corruption. He be-

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